

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 63 Park Row.
Angus Milau, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and
World for the United States All Countries in the International
and Canada. Postal Union.
One Year.....\$2.50 One Year.....\$9.75
One Month.....\$1.00 One Month.....\$4.25
VOLUME 57.....NO. 20,178

"OUT OF ABUNDANCE."

AN UNUSUAL and significant feature of the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation this year is the stress it lays upon the duty of Americans to think of "the struggles and sufferings of the nations at war, and of the peoples upon whom war has brought disaster without choice or possibility of escape."

Our people could in no better way show their real attitude toward the present struggle of the nations than by contributing out of their abundance to the relief of the suffering which war has brought in its train.

That the people of the United States need the reminder cannot be denied. The country's unprecedented prosperity has not yet reached all classes. But nobody needs to be told that while the industrial stimulus has been working down to permanent, underlying strata, individuals and corporate interests in the United States have been amassing profits that must be counted in hundreds of millions, profits so large that economic history hardly knows their parallel, profits which to a very considerable extent have come straight from the demands and needs of distracted Europe.

Yet the fact remains that, out of this inflowing wealth, the contributions of Americans to all European sufferers do not reach \$35,000,000. While war-drained England and France were finding \$240,000,000 for Belgian relief, peaceful and prosperous America squeezed out \$12,000,000. The Secretary of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund recently reported that "after six months of hard, unremitting toil in the United States we have collected a paltry \$225,000." Paderewski reported \$60,000 as the proceeds of a series of musical performances in New York and Chicago, "whereas at a single performance given by Melba in Melbourne \$70,000 was gathered."

There are few places where the prosperity of the United States is more in evidence just now than in this city. Every day hundreds of people are turned away from great hotels already filled to bursting with visitors whose money seems to roll in upon them faster than they can get rid of it. Every night the restaurants, cafes, theatres and expensive supper places are jammed to suffocation. Every morning the jewellers' and dressmakers' shops are steadily busy taking orders.

Wall Street enjoys its usual rake-off from good times, the only difference being that this year the brokers see the prospect of such prodigious avalanches of money over the investment and speculation counters that they are fairly dizzy with their own good luck.

Plenty of thanksgiving among the prosperous in New York! Only it takes the form of spending—not giving.

If only the spenders of this city were thoughtfully to read the President's Proclamation and put their hands in their well-filled pockets, what a fund could be forthcoming for the homeless and starving across the Atlantic!

To flush New Yorkers who are trying to find in the calendar a chance to celebrate four New Year's Eves in honor of 1917 we offer this suggestion: Cut out one and give the cost of that night's champagne to war-stricken women and children who lack bread.

GREAT LUCK FOR THE FIJIS.

THE news that Theodore Roosevelt is to visit the Fiji Islands this winter will be hailed with nation-wide enthusiasm. Not that the Colonel is not a lively and entertaining neighbor when at home. But he is never a purer and more innocuous source of joy to his fellow-countrymen than when he goes poking into odd corners of the earth to discover things that will astonish them.

Cannibal isles are not what they used to be. Missionaries and school teachers have rubbed off the glamour. The Colonel will perform a real service if he will beat around in the bush and maybe turn up a man-eating tribe or two that has not sandpapered its war clubs into baseball bats. Anyhow we understand the Fijis are full of creeping, crawling, bounding and flying things impatiently waiting to be named; and the rivers there are as doubtful as any Brazil can show.

If any man can be trusted to give South Sea Island news a new "punch" that man is the Colonel. He has just done his country a great political service by helping it to see what it was up to it to avoid. He deserves a bully vacation of the sort he loves. There is always an extra heartiness in wishing T. R. a good journey because of the certainty there will be so much to hear about when he gets back.

What's this young Chauncey Dewey says about there being no lively old men in Shakespeare's day?

What about "Old Parr," who stayed a bachelor till he was eighty, married a second wife when he was one hundred and twenty, threshed corn at a hundred and thirty-two, and was buried in 1635 in Westminster Abbey, where his tombstone records that he lived "in the reigns of ten Princes" and died "aged 152 years"?

Letters from the People.

All Right and Alright.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is correct, alright or all right?
N. B.—All right is the correct adverbial form, but alright has been sanctioned by general usage. That is the final test.
Jan. 8, 1916.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
When was the battle of New Orleans fought?
M. L.
\$3.50 Each.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the value of a \$1 gold piece dated 1891 and another dated 1892?
G. N.
New York, 5,253,885; London, 4,522,004; Paris, 2,888,110.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What are the three largest cities in the world?
C. G. R.
Friday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What day did Nov. 10, 1894, fall on?
K. C. T.

30 to 60 Cents.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please tell me the value of an 1822 25-cent piece.
R. A. K.
Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can a Catholic citizen be elected President of the United States?
C. R.
With "O" Between Bust and Date, \$20 to \$100.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the value of a silver half dollar of 1847?
St. A. H.
Tuesday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Let me know what day July 23, 1901, fell on.
A CONSTANT READER.
B Wins.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that Roosevelt never had a Mayor. B says that he did. Kindly let me know who is correct.
B. B.

Evening World Daily Magazine

Don't You Know Me?

Copyright, 1916,
by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)
"I HAVEN'T yet seen," said the head polisher, "a convincing reason why President Wilson received such an overwhelming vote out in the remote prairie and mountain States."

"All the reasons that have been advanced," replied the laundry man, "had some slight effect on the result, but those seeking for the real reason haven't given the matter enough thought to reach the reliable dope. The underlying reason is Henry Ford."

"No, it wasn't Henry's advertising campaign. He sprang his advertisements after the people of the West had made up their minds. It was the prevalence in the West of the automobiles manufactured by Mr. Ford."

"To get at the facts in this connection it is necessary to go back to the days before automobiles outnumbered prairie dogs in the States west of the Missouri River. In those days whiskers abounded in astonishing profusion in that section of our dearly beloved Commonwealth."

"Almost invariably the ruralist allowed his whiskers undisturbed freedom except on very cold days in winter, when he often stuffed them into a gunnysack and buttoned his coat around them. I saw a man's whiskers catch fire in a store in North Platte, Neb., one bitter winter evening back in those untrammelled days, and before the first fire was out five other sets of whiskers were ablaze and you could smell burning hair all the way to the Rocky Mountains."

"Well, Henry Ford evolved his automobile and the first thing he knew his cars were all over the Western country, like grasshoppers. Now, in running a Ford car the speed is regulated by the fingers, which manipulate the gas lever and the spark lever attached to the steering wheel. The face of a man of medium size is well above the steering wheel in a Ford, and a tall man has to stoop over. The inhabitants of our Western country are above the average in height."

"What was the result? It didn't take the new chauffeurs long to find out that their whiskers were seriously interfering with the smooth operation of their cars. Said whiskers were always getting tangled up with the gas lever and the spark lever and it was not uncommon for

particularly profuse outbursts of whiskers to get tangled with the gear shifts and foot brake, to the anguish of their owners."

"The free and independent farmer out in the great and glorious West is a sensible man. When he saw that his whiskers were interfering with his automobiling, he gave up his whiskers. This action was acceptable to his wife, too, for husband's facial affairs no longer blew into her face and eyes when he put the car in high in a stiff breeze."

"The outcome was that as the habit of owning automobiles grew, the West gradually became quite whiskerless. And as between Hughes, who not only wears whiskers but parts them with a comb, and

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Are You Working Yourself Into the Poorhouse?

"MANY a man worked himself into the poorhouse when he might have thought himself into a fortune," said a prominent wholesaler who, through his duties in connection with a commission which seeks to aid those retailers who seem threatened with disaster, has an intimate knowledge of the dealer's troubles.

"Misdirected energy—that's what forces men into bankruptcy. Thousands of men are so busy rushing along the road that they fondly hope to succeed that they think they can't find time to stop and read the guide posts. Only a few days ago I fell into conversation with a suburban retailer who is gradually slipping into the slow-pay dilemma."

"There's a splendid book on the principles of retailing which you ought to read," I remarked, and I gave him the title and publisher's name, explaining that a postcard request would bring it to him free.

"What's the use of my getting the book?" he replied. "I never get a moment in which to read anything. I get on the job here every morning at 8:30 and I'm on the jump all day until 11:30 P. M. or midnight."

"Exactly so," I replied, and you're losing money, or at least merely standing even. You think that because you're working your head off you deserve success. When will you awaken to the fact that five minutes' concentrated thought is worth five hours of hard work? Now I've been standing here ten minutes observing your methods. Right now I can put my finger on a lot of weak spots. In the

Wilson, who wears no whiskers, the redeemed whiskerless West chose the whiskerless man."

"Mr. Hughes's Legal Mind."

"BUT why doesn't Hughes admit he is licked?" asked the head polisher.

"They say," replied the laundry man, "it's because he has a legal mind. If that is true it gives us a pretty good indication of what would have happened had Mr. Hughes been President when the Lusitania was sunk."

"When the great wave of indignation swept over the country Mr. Hughes would have remained calm and firm. He would have conceded nothing. To the clamors of citizens asking him to get a move on he would have returned the silent dignity that becomes him so well. And finally he would have announced his position. He would have said that there still remained a doubt that the Lusitania was impeded, even though the Germans admitted the act. He would have said that he required positive proof and would have raised and towed over here so he could see the hole in the hull."

"Could Begin at Home."

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Mrs. Vincent Astor has started a movement to Americanize Americans."

"She hasn't far to go," remarked the laundry man, "to gain some extent the practice. Her husband's kinsmen, the William Waldorf Astors, offer shining marks."

Future of Asia Minor

THAT Asia Minor will pass to Italy after the war as a part of her reward for participation in the struggle, seems now to be a foregone conclusion. It is alleged that Italy has already dispatched an army to Rhodes for the purpose of occupying that part of the Asiatic continent which is to fall to her lot. Italy now occupies Rhodes and thirteen other islands in the Aegean which were formerly the property of Turkey. During the Turkish-Italian war Italy took possession of these islands with the understanding that they were to be restored to the Porte in case the Turkish Government did not interfere in the pacification of Tripoli. Turkey failed to live up to this agreement, using every means in her power to foment trouble in Italy's African possessions, and as a result Italy has a valid claim to the islands in question. It is by no means a small undertaking that Italy assumes in Asia Minor, as the population, composed of Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Kurds, Armenians and other races, are turbulent and hard to control.

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

She Says There Is No Infallible "System" for Love-Game.

"THERE goes a man," remarked the Widow, as she bowed coldly across her coffee cup at an immaculate and well set-up chap in evening dress, seated beside a stunning young woman at a near-by table, "who fancies he has discovered the 'way to win a woman's heart,' as the mob writers put it."

"Where? How?" exclaimed the Bachelor eagerly.

"Lead me to him!"

The Widow laughed and shook her head. "It wouldn't do you any good," she assured him cheerfully. "He has a 'method,' Mr. Weatherly. Just as if there were any infallible 'system' for winning at games of chance, like love or roulette! The man with a 'method' always loses in the end, or at the big psychological moment. He may win in a hundred little flirtations and sentimental skirmishes; but when the one real woman arrives on the scene he invariably overplays—and finds himself bankrupt."

"PERHAPS," suggested the Bachelor, "that is because he goes on 'playing' too long. It's always the expert swimmers who are drowned, you know."

"Yes," agreed the Widow, "that is one reason. He fritters his time and money and sentiment away until he hasn't any left. But the chief reason is that love is NOT a game, after all, although so many people think it is. Love can't be 'won'—or even 'lost.' Love is something that just IS, or isn't, as the case may be. That is the great secret that the man-with-a-method overlooks, or forgets, or doesn't see. He may win a lot of women's interest, or admiration, or even their kisses. But when it comes to a woman worth winning, he will suddenly find that all his 'methods' and theories and bag of tricks are nothing but stumbling blocks that confuse and annoy him, and actually prevent any real understanding between him and her. No matter filled with poses that no woman will believe him."

"Tell me," pleaded the Bachelor, "what ALL his poses? I've always wanted to know what a 'method' is, anyway."

"Well," began the Widow, counting off on her fingers, "there is the cave-man pose; the madly infatuated, 'perfectly-crazy-about-you' pose, with which some men begin by 'rushing' a girl. That dazzles most women, just at first; because most women are at heart intensely romantic and every one of them is looking for a daring, dashing young Lochinvar. And there is the 'deeply-devoted-Sir-Walter-Raleigh' pose, most effective with intellectual, imaginative women."

"AND there is the 'lonely-one' appealing, 'Oh-if-I-could-only-find-a woman-to-love-me' pose, which is supposed to stir up all a woman's sympathy and maternal tenderness. And there is the masterful, possessive, 'I-am-your-lord-and-master' pose, which appeals to the aboriginal desire of a woman to be bossed and beaten, no doubt. And there is the tender, noble, 'Let-me-take-care-of-you-Little-Girl' pose, which makes a hard-working, tired, capable business girl feel just like putting her head on a man's shoulder and doing the 'climbing vine' act for the rest of her life. And there is—"

"Stop! Stop! Wait a moment," begged the Bachelor, taking out his lead pencil and beginning to scribble notes on his cuff. "They all sound good to me!"

"But they AREN'T any good—except to a philanthropist," affirmed the Widow positively. "And even he becomes so mechanical after a while that his pose loses its effect on any woman over twenty. Nowadays, every girl is born with her eyes wide open; and any woman with more than two brain cells can spot a pose as far as she can a tope, and see through it as easily as through a piece of tissue paper."

"BESIDES, if two people are 'on the same wire,' they will be just naturally attracted to one another as the magnet and the needle. And if a woman is not 'on your wire,' why waste all that time and energy working up an artificial sentiment that won't last and is not worth having, and which, after a while, will spoil your capacity for any real sentiment? It's as foolish as playing with a box of matches when you might be building a comforting fire on the hearth!"

"Perhaps," agreed the Bachelor tentatively. "But how in the world did you discover all these 'methods' in your short, sweet life?"

The Widow sighed softly and dropped her lashes.

"Oh, well," she admitted, "I have a little 'method' of my own, dear boy, by which I apply the acid test to the man-with-a-method."

"An acid test?" repeated the Bachelor, horrified. "What's that?"

"Oh, don't worry," said the Widow, putting her coat sleeve and smiling reassuringly. "You've PASSED it, ages ago!"

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

"T HE Stanleys are going to move," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stanley told me that goodness knows, she never lends me the lower flat any more. At the least sound in her apartments they'd knock on the floor or hammer on the steam pipes, but, as a matter of fact, those children of hers are the imp, if ever there were any!"

"No worse than ours, I guess," said Mr. Jarr. "We get complaints about ours from the neighbors, too."

"I must say you are very complimentary to your children!" remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Stanley lost a lot of money on the election, I understand. Maybe they are moving to a cheaper place!" suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Well, who's to blame?" said Mrs. Jarr. "He might have known that he would lose! Didn't young Mr. Perkinson warn him time and time again?"

"That's the young Perkinson that's to be married next month, isn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and his mother carries on terribly about it, mother carries on so terribly about it, and the girl he is going to marry is a very sweet girl—everybody speaks well of her! I can't see how some mothers can be so foolish!"

"Mrs. Perkinson should be glad her son is going to marry a nice girl. And what good does it do her to object? She married to suit herself. How can people be so foolish? She is only making an enemy of the girl and parting herself from her own son. But she was always like that. Always finding fault with the boy and never satisfied with anything he did. I told her she should make the best of it, that she was only making a lot of worry and trouble for herself, but she wouldn't listen to me. She's just as bad as Mrs. Kittingly, who never will take advice from anybody."

"Mrs. Kittingly is old enough to know her own mind," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, you wouldn't think so if you knew the foolish things she does," said Mrs. Jarr. "You know, she gets her alimony every month, but instead

of paying her bills with it she rushes off and buys a lot of foolish things or lends it to people, so she says; for, goodness knows, she never lends me any of it, not that I'd ask her for it or take it if she offered it. But all I know is she never pays anything, and then she gets the blues and cries her eyes out when the bill collectors come around and she has to put them off. Why isn't she more sensible?"

"I'm sure I don't know," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"But you'd laugh if you were to hear Mrs. Rangle advising her," continued Mrs. Jarr. "The idea of Mrs. Rangle giving anybody advice about anything! The way she lets that man Rangle carry on and waste all the money he makes! I've told her a thousand times, 'Well, you are foolish! Why are you so soft enough to believe him when he says that he is going to put the money in the bank? Put it in the bank yourself,' I says, and then you'll know it's there! But all she does is to scold, but let him keep his money and waste it just the same! She is an bad almost as the Strivers."

"Mr. Strayer doesn't waste his money—he has plenty," said Mr. Jarr. "Oh, yes, he has plenty!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "But instead of being sensible about it they spend it in trying to get into society. The idea of Mrs. Strayer giving dinner parties and having tea and dances and giving away expensive favors to people who even don't thank her. Anybody can get in with that sort of stuff. With. All you need to do is to buy tickets to their fake charity affairs at the big hotels! But if you'll notice she never gets invited to read well affairs at society people's homes. I don't know who's worse, she or the Diggests, who don't seem to have any pride. If you could see Mrs. Diggests' house! I don't believe it's ever swept, and I have been there late in the afternoon, and I don't believe the dishes were washed and the beds made, and yet she keeps two girls!"

"What does she pay them for?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"How do I know?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Do you think I'm interested in other people's affairs?"

Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain.—SCHILLER.

NEW YORK, like the kitten that overgrew the cat, is now more than eight times the size of Amsterdam, from which it sprang and for which it was first named. Amsterdam's population to-day is 611,340.

"M AIDENS! why should you worry in choosing whom you should marry?"

"Choose whom you may, you will find you have got somebody else."—John Hay, "Pike County Ballads."